ר

Yrs truly
Lewis F. Thomas.

I N D A,

A LEGEND OF THE LAKES:

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

[illegible] FOWLER THOMAS.

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[illegible]
1845.

INDA,

A LEGEND OF THE LAKES;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

LEWIS F. THOMAS.

Saint Louis:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY V. ELLIS.

AT THE BULLETIN OFFICE.

1842.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In offering to the Public the *first volume of Poems* that has ever emanated from the Press *west* of the Mississippi, the publisher feels gratified in being able to present it in matter, material and execution, as a fair specimen of the Arts connected with literature, in Western America. The work has been made up entirely in this city. The Portrait of the Author was lithographed by J. C. Wild, from a splendid painting by C. Deas, all of St. Louis, and the engraved Title Page was executed by the Southern Bank Note Engraving Company, who have an agency here under the direction of Robert L. Campbell. The Engraving, illustrative of one of the scenes in the principal Poem, is from the burin of T. R. Whitney, likewise of St. Louis. The Binding was done at the Franklin Bindery in this city, by James C. Essex, making the entire execution of St. Louis workmanship. The Literary matter will speak for itself. The whole is submitted to the public with a confidence that it will meet a just award.

V. E.

St. Louis, 1842.

PREFACE.

The principal Poem in this little volume was written and delivered (with exception of a small portion recently added) before the Cincinnati Literary Society, in 1834. It remained among forgotten things from that time, until lately, when being honored with a request to deliver a Poem before the St. Louis Lyceum, I had recourse to my long neglected manuscript. Succeeding, somewhat, in pleasing my auditory, I was asked to furnish a copy for publication, and in order to eke out a volume, I have added to the chief Poem, some minor pieces, (many of them juvenile.) "Inda" is, I believe, the first poetical effort, of any length, in which the characters are all drawn entirely from Aboriginal life. In its composition I endeavored to adhere closely to the manners, customs and peculiarities of the Indians, and I am not aware of any instance in which I have departed from them, even to avail myself of a "poetic license."

Most authors put forth their first efforts "at the earnest solicitations of numerous friends," I, on the contrary, publish some of my *juvenile indiscretions*, against the advice of friends, merely to gratify my own whim. Whether my little work succeeds or not, with the "Dear Public," is a matter of but slight consideration, except to myself, and I am free to confess that its publication is prompted as much by my own vanity, as by any other feeling. A *volume* of *Poems* from the *west* bank of the *Mississippi*, (with the theme of its principal poem entirely *western*,) will, at least, be a *novelty*, and, if it should not gain as much praise as I may hope, I must console myself with the reflection that, at any rate, it is *something* to be a *Pioneer* of *Poesy* on *this* side of the Great Valley. Now, therefore, gentle (or ungentle) reader, maugre my dread of critics, I cast my wild prairie floweret to the Father of Waters, and most happy will I be, if it may be thought worthy to blossom in the bright bouquet, which the Genius of the Great West will gather, to bloom on her bosom.

THE AUTHOR.

St. Louis, July, 1842.

CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Louis, February 4th, 1842.

L. F. Thomas, Esq.

Dear Sir: The undersigned, a committee appointed by the St. Louis Lyceum to make the necessary arrangements for the Celebration of the approaching Anniversary of the Birth of Washington, respectfully request that you will deliver a Poem, on that occasion.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN V. EUSTACE,
H. C. MARTHENS,
I. FORBES,
NATHANIEL HOLMES,
C. C. WHITTELSEY,
J. S. CLARK.
} Committee.

St. Louis, February 5th, 1842.

Gentlemen:

Your note of yesterday, requesting me to deliver a Poem before the Lyceum, at the Celebration on the 22d instant, is received.

It will afford me great pleasure to comply with your request, so well as my ability will allow.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

LEWIS F. THOMAS.

To Messrs. J. V. Eustace,
H. C. Marthens,
I. Forbes,
Nathaniel Holmes,
C. C. Whittelsey,
J. S. Clark.
} Committee, &c., of Lyceum.

St. Louis, March 8, 1842.

L. F. Thomas, Esq.:

The undersigned, a committee appointed by the St. Louis Lyceum to confer with you in relation to the publication of the Poem which you delivered before that institution, at the Celebration of the Anniversary of the Birth-day of Washington, have the pleasure of informing you that by acceding to our request you will gratify the wishes of every member of the Lyceum; and we therefore respectfully ask that you will favor us with a copy of your Poem for publication.

With sentiments of esteem,

We are, yours, &c.,

H. C. MARTHENS,
ISAIAH FORBES,
VESPASIAN ELLIS.

St. Louis, March 10th, 1842.

Gentlemen:

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your note of the 8th instant. I am now about to visit the South, and on my return, (which will be in a few weeks,) I will prepare my MS. for publication, reserving to myself, with your permission, the privilege of adding to the Poem delivered before you, a number of selections from my fugitive pieces, sufficient to make out a volume.

Very respectfully, yours,

LEWIS F. THOMAS.

To Messrs. H. C. Marthens,
Isaiah Forbes,
Vespasian Ellis,
} Committee, &c.

CONTENTS.

INDA.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO

MY YOUTHFUL BROTHER,

CALVIN WILLARD THOMAS,

AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS FILIAL AND FRATERNAL

AFFECTION, THE FOLLOWING POEM IS

MOST FONDLY INSCRIBED.

INDA;

A LEGEND OF THE LAKES.

CANTO I.

I.

In that broad land of valley and of flood,
Of mountain high, and dark impervious wood,
Of inland sea, and river wide and clear,
And flowery prairie, stretching far and near,—
That land, that from the time Earth felt the throes
With which it from the depths of Ocean rose,
Had never known the footprint of a slave,
Or rear'd a race that was not ever brave:—
Within that land, ere European art
Had raised a temple or had fixed a mart,

Ere the symbolic Cross had found a shrine
In the New World, to own its source divine,—
Ere the New World had Freedom's altars built,
Cemented by the blood her patriots spilt,—
Within that land of every varied clime,
Foredoomed to be, through ever-changing time,
The hope, the home, the glory of the Free—
The great Jerusalem of Liberty!—
Within that land, there dwelt a noble race,
Of whom there now is left nor sign nor trace,
Save in wild tales that Indian legends tell,
Of woes and miseries which that race befell,
How the Manitto's wrath on them was hurled, [1]
To curse, to crush, and sweep them from the world!

II.

Near where the rapid Maumee pours its streams
  Of tribute waves to Erie's glassy sea,
Whose liquid sheen a silvery mirror seems,
  Studded with Isles of emerald brilliancy,—
An Indian tribe once lit its council fires,
  Reared the rude tents, and sung the songs of war;

And taught young Braves to emulate their sires,
  Descendants of the great Ho-hon-na-gar, — [2]
Of whom their hoary seers were wont to say,
  That he, by the Great Spirit's wise decree,
Was pre-ordained to found a realm, whose sway
  Should compass all the Earth from Sea to Sea;—
And well might Prophet such prediction tell,
  While vanquished thousands owned a firm belief,
For, far and wide, where'er his war-club fell,
  The vassal tribes hailed Ho-hon-na-gar chief.
Now from the Earth that race is swept away,
  Without a record, like the breeze that blows,
Leaving no memory of their ancient day,
  Save the wild tales transmitted by their foes!

III.

Two brothers bold, twin brothers they,
Held o'er that tribe united sway,
The one, proud Ullwa, like his sire,
Aye seemed inflamed with warrior-fire;—
A chieftain stout and brave was he,
And formed in manly symmetry;

His forehead open, wide and high,
His clear arched brow, and piercing eye,
And features even, broad and bold,
Right well his noble nature told;
While his full lips, in thought compressed,
An ever active mind confessed:
His glossy hair, of raven black,
In flowing locks, fell down his back;
And loosely from his shoulders, hung
His quiver and his bow unstrung:
His robe from rabid panther ta'en,
Which he with his own arm had slain,
Was tightly girdled round his waist,
By belt with wampum interlaced,
In which was sheathed, at hand for strife,
The ever ready scalping knife:
His leggings were of beaver-skins,
The deer supplied him moccasins,
And ever, on the lake, or shore,
  Or listening to the council-talk,
One hand the peaceful calmut bore,
  The other grasped a tomahawk:
An eagle's plume waved o'er his crest,
(Like some tall oak above the rest,)

Marking the chieftain of a race
Unequaled in the war or chase;
And from that bird his title came—
As Indian tribes are wont to name
Their chiefs from characters inferred
From beast, from reptile, or from bird. [3]
When forth to fight he led his band,
Against opposing hosts to stand,
Upon his breast, that else was bare,
An eagle bald was painted there,
With head erect, and outspread wings,
As in his airy wanderings,
  While, glorying in his destiny,
    It is his joy to soar on high,
    With an unwinking, dauntless eye,
  Full at the Day-God's majesty!
Nor stays he in his sky-ward flight,
  Though storms arise, and thunders crash,
Unless, exulting in his might,
  He pauses near the lightning's flash,
And plumes his pinions, on to rove,
Unruffled, to the realms of Jove!—
Well may such bird the emblem be
Of chieftain of the brave and free!

IV.

WAYNIM was his brother's name,
Who shared with Ullwa power and fame;
Of stature low, though slight, yet strong,
With features prominent and long,
His short curled hair, of ebon hue, [4]
Down on his narrow forehead grew,
His neck was always lowly bent,
And his dark brow was closely pent,
And in unnumbered furrows knit,
As if his thoughts were withering it.
His twinkling eyes, with furtive glance,
Ne'er looked on aught, except askance,
And ever downward cast their rays,
Whene'er they met another's gaze,—
As though he feared that through his sight
Another's eyes might read aright
The gloomy workings of his soul,
That brooked not Virtue's mild control,
But, by his evil nature swayed,
To Passion's phrenzy was betrayed.

Yet was he brave as any Brave [5]
Whoe'er sent foeman to his grave,
And skilled, as well in fight and chase,
As any warrior of his race:
He could the keen-edged hatchet wield,
  And use the scalping knife as well,
As many a hard contested field,
  And blood-stained trophy too might tell!
And round about his wigwam lay
Full many a relic of a fray;
And long-haired scalps were scattered there —
The blood still matted in the hair —
The inner side yet moist and red,
As lately taken from the head
Of Sou and Winnebago foe, [6]
Whom his own tomahawk laid low.
The antlers of the deer hung round,
  Like branching trees upon the wall,
And various skins bestrewed the ground,
  Rude carpeting for his rude hall;
And on the bark of birchen tree,
In wampum writ, that all might see,
And, in symbolic language read,
The record of each daring deed

That he had done, was blazoned there, [7]
And kept with all an Indian's care,
As worthiest legacy to be
Bequeathed to his posterity.
Prepared for ills that might betide,
His arms were ever at his side;
And clad in garb that most became
A cacique of his rank and fame,
When he was for the battle drest,
In gaudy colors on his breast,
And twining round his limbs and waist,
A serpent's scaly coils were traced;
And thus, within the reptile's fold,
He looked like Laocoon of old,
And well his fellow-Braves had deemed
A snake the type that him beseemed,
A symbol of each felon wile,
Of lurking hate, and venomed guile!

V.

Kind as the tear that starts in Pity's eye,
When houseless wretches crave her charity;

Meek as the looks of Penitents who plead,
In hope of pardon, for some ruthless deed;
And innocent as the first smile of glee,
That lights the face of sinless Infancy,
Ere the bright promise of its happy birth
Is marred by contact with the things of Earth;
Blithe as a lark, and sportive as a Fay,
Coursing the moonbeams in her nightly play,
Was dark-eyed INDA — beautiful and bright
As Poet's idol, sketched by Fancy's light!
Faultless alike in feature and in form,
Her heart, with all the holy feelings warm;
So perfect too in every nameless grace,
To add, detract or alter, would deface;
So rife with all the charms of loveliness,
You would not crave one more, nor have one less!
She was the offspring of a good old chief, —
Hope of his age and solace of his grief,
Last scion of his house, — his darling daughter,
  Sole relic of his name, by Fate still left,
Unscathed by the wide desolating slaughter,
  That him of every other tie bereft.

VI.

Scarce had the fifteenth summer's sun
Been counted, since her life had run.
Her locks of jet at random strayed,
And o'er her budding bosom played;
That bosom—the pure home of truth,
And feelings known alone to youth,
Within whose shrine her warm heart's swell
Better than words those feelings tell—
Was only veiled by the dark hair,
That fell in glossy ringlets there.
In graceful folds, from waist to knee,
Her robe hung carelessly and free;
Its web was woven from the wings
Of every forest bird that sings,
And those of plumage rich and gay
As oreole, or painted jay,
Or brilliant humming-bird, whose name
And that of Inda is the same.
The sandals on her feet she wore,
In colors rich were 'broidered o'er.

Her step fell light as evening dew;
  So softly did she tread the plain,
The flowers, that in her pathway grew,
  Soon as she passed, rose up again,
As if their heads had only bent
To pay her homage as she went:
So airy did her figure seem,
It scarce were fanciful to deem
That she was not of worldly birth,
But rather of the Air than Earth,—
Some Houri from her sphere astray,
Wandering from her heavenly way,
Waiting a messenger of light
To guide her in her homeward flight,
Across the azure, star-gemmed sky,
To realms of Immortality!

VII.

The Ho-hon-na-gars, long enraged,
Against the Soux a conflict waged,
Who, by the Winnebagoes' aid,
The conquest of their foes delayed,

And each their utmost forces strained,
Yet neither had the 'vantage gained,
Until it chanced, that, near the bounds
That marked their different hunting grounds,
Ullwa and Waynim urged their way,
Chasing a stag, which there at bay
By craggy rocks hemmed on one side,
And on the other by the tide
Of the dark Maumee's rolling wave,
That it was now too faint to brave,
While full before, that stayed its flight,
There rose a promontory's height;
And, borne upon the morning wind,
The hunter's shouts were heard behind.
It turned and stood, and as more near
Their frequent yell came on its ear,
It shook its branching antlers high,
As in defiance of their cry,
And pawed the earth with weary hoof,
As though it scorned them, thus aloof,
And waited but their presence there,
To deal the vengeance of despair!
And fast they come, with eager pace,
Young Ullwa leading on the chase,

And now he gains the rocky glade,
But soon his rapid course is staid;
Upon one knee he bends him low—
His shaft is fitted to his bow—
The noble stag is doomed to die,
For ne'er hath that unerring eye,
And steady hand, yet failed to send
The weapon to its destined end.
But lo! like lightning in its flight,
An arrow darts across his sight—
So near it sped, its aim so true,
That he could feel it, as it flew,
Ruffling the hair upon his brow;—
'Twas from some felon hand, I trow.
He starts and views from whence it came,—
That lordly stag he well may lose,
For now he sees a nobler game—
The LEAPING PANTHER of the Sioux— [8]
The foemen at each other gaze,
With frowning brows, and flashing eyes,
Their polished tomahawks they raise,
And each the other's strength defies,
As step by step, advancing slow,
He meditates a deadly blow.

VIII.

Dark Waynim enters now the dell,—
  The Leaping Panther sees him coming,
And cleaves the welkin with a yell
  And swift as meteor in the gloaming,
He speeds away o'er rock and stone,
Thick in his rugged pathway strown,
While loudly shouting at his back,
His foes pursue his devious track!
On! on! they go, o'er hill, and mead,
Through wood, and vale, they onward speed;
From morn till noon, from noon till night,
They still advance in rapid flight,
And yet, with ardor unsubdued,
Fly the pursuing and pursued!
The Leaping Panther still maintains
The lead, and every muscle strains,
As bounding on, with active leap,
He hastens up a craggy steep
Of rocks on rocks, piled up on high,
Whose base the Maumee wanders by,

And 'neath a gnarled oak, that grew
Upon its top, he stands to view
His foes wild speeding from below,
Shaft after shaft darts from his bow,
His aim they baffle, and emerge
Above the promontory's verge.
As the last arrow leaves his quiver,
  He leaps upon the stunted tree,
And swings from thence into the river, [9]
  That flows beneath it, fast and free;
His foes astounded, in amaze
A moment at each other gaze,
Then rushing down the steep again,
To the stream's bank, upon the plain,
Behold him warring with the waves,
Which he so desperately braves,
As, by the current borne along,
He waxes faint, as it grows strong,
And dashed against a jutting rock,
Too feeble now to stand the shock,
And by the brothers close beset,
He struggles hard and bravely yet,
Till, stunned by oft-repeated blows,
He sinks a captive to his foes!

IX.

Since the proud Panther's bonds were fast,
Four weary days had slowly past,
And with the fifth the sun, at morn,
Rose fair as at creation's dawn,
And every little leaf and flower,
That grew beneath his kindly power,
Wore on its breast a dewy gem,
Bright as in monarch's diadem!
The countless birds, that filled the wood,
Which else were silent solitude,
Awakened by the morning ray,
Seemed joying in the early day,
As from the boughs of bush and tree
Their matin songs came merrily!

X.

Beneath a grove of sycamores,
That clothed the Maumee's verdant shores,

Ullwa and Inda pensive stood,
And listened to the passing flood,
Whose murmuring tones came sweeping by,
Like sounds of mournful minstrelsy;
Her head upon his breast reclining,
His arm her graceful waist entwining,
And his dark eye, from raven lashes,
Full on her face its bright glance flashes,
She feels his bosom proudly swelling,
Which to her heart more love is telling
Than all the tongue's smooth eloquence
Could ever speak to other sense;
  And o'er her cheek a glow is stealing,
  Love and Beauty there revealing,
  Twin offsprings of her soul of feeling,
Whose radiations o'er her face,
Her lover knew, how well! to trace!
He gazes long and rapturously,
  With glowing brow, and kindling eye,
He speaks,—but slow and pausingly—
  His words are echoed by a sigh!
He speaks—and O, how thrills that tone!
He means but for her ear alone:—

XI.

"Dear Inda! ere the autumn rain
Shall swell this river's waves again,
That now have scarcely half their tide—
Waynim will claim thee for his bride,
For such thou wert betrothed to be,
While yet in early infancy,
And promise that our parents plight,
Our laws deem sacrilege to blight,
Yet well thou know'st I could not bear
To see thee wedded to another;—
No! by Manitto! though he were
In *love*, as well as name, my brother!
And Waynim has no love for me,
Howe'er he feels, or feigns, for thee.
His frowning brow and furtive eye
Bespeak a soul of treachery;
And Inda! O, I cannot brook
To see him on thee cast his look,
And gloat upon thee with a smile,
That shows his serpent's tooth of guile!

Whitney Sc.

ULLWA AND INDA.

This shining blade should reach thy heart:
And straight should enter deep in mine:

He seems to think his gaze has charms
To win thee, captive to his arms,
E'en as the rattle-snake has power
To win the poor bird from her bower,
By the spell of his eyes' bright gleam,
That lures to death with beauty's beam!
And Inda, dearest, canst thou be
The bride of such an one as he!
Now by the Spirit-land I vow,
Did I but deem that thy pure brow
Would ever pillow on *his* breast —
Dishonored be my chieftain's crest
But I would slay thee, as thou art, —
This shining blade should reach thy heart,
And straight should enter deep in mine,
While stained and reeking warm from thine,
And thus in death our blood should meet,
If life denied a boon so sweet!" —

XII.

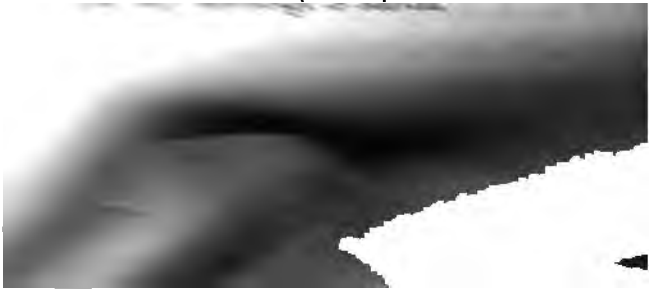
"Hold, hold, my Ullwa! think'st thou, love,
To thee I e'er could recreant prove?

Who hath thy mind such doubtings taught?
Thou wrong'st me, love, by such a thought!
My Eagle's eyrie I would share,
  Though built upon a craggy rock,
And poised aloft in upper air,
  And subject to the whirlwind's shock,
Rather than dwell in blooming bowers,
Amid the rarest, sweetest flowers,
My couch strewn with the leaves of roses,—
If Waynim by my side reposes!
Yes! yes! believe me, Ullwa dear,
  I pledge to thee my honor's word,
The serpent's scaly folds I swear
  Shall ne'er be nest for Humming-bird!
O! let me nestle 'neath thy plume,
  With thee through every scene to fly,
And may Manitto grant my doom,
  With thee to live, with thee to die!"
And she clung to his bosom, where fondly he pressed her,
And he bowed down his head as in silence he blessed her!

CANTO II.

I.

'Twas noon — from his Eternal throne
  Bright beamed the ever hallowed Sun,
Lighting, with glory all his own,
  The land he loves to shine upon, —
The Western land! whose banner high
  Is waving now with every breeze —
Is borne aloft in every sky,
  Triumphant over land and seas!
O! long that emblem flag unfurled,
  Through every clime shall still wave on,
And nations freed, throughout the World,
  Will hail the land of Washington!
And ever, should Fate's trumpet call
  Announce the sway of Tyranny,
That flag shall be the funeral pall
  To shroud expiring Liberty!



III.

Conquered, yet not subdued, he stood,
  Nor recked he of his foemen there;
For far away, o'er plain and wood,
  His thoughts were wandering wildly, where
But late he left his happy home,
Abroad upon the chase to roam;
And though his look betokened grief,
And woe all hopeless of relief,
Yet still his eyes keen lightning flashed,
And met his foemen's unabashed,
And loftily his front he reared —
His was a soul that never feared!

IV.

Waynim arose, with smile of hate,
And thus bespoke the captive's fate:—
"My warrior-braves! our deadliest foe
Must not our vengeance now forego!

It is not ours, with woman's heart,
To play forgiving Mercy's part;
So let us teach yon coward Sou,
That as we hate we torture too!
We'll strip the Panther of his skin,
For strings to lace our moccasin;
Nor shall that felon's doom be less
Than torture's most refined excess,
By poisoned splint, and scourge, and fire, (10)
Till he in racking pains expire!
Prepare! prepare! nor speed too fast,
But keep him lingering to the last;—
I'd lose not for the *Unna* stone (11)
The music of one single groan;—
And greet his ears with taunt and gibe,
And all the curses of our tribe;
And thus his latest pangs enhance,
While to his dying groans we dance!
And sweetest melody 'twill be
To hear his yells of agony!"
He said, and joy lit up the crowd,
Who hailed his words with howlings loud,
While some prepared, with ready will,
Their chieftain's mandate to fulfill;

Yet all undaunted, proudly still,
The Panther chief defied their skill!
But Ullwa, rising from the ground,
Silence again prevailed around,
'Till solemnly and slow, 'twas broke,
As to the Council thus he spoke:

V.

"Fathers and warriors, free and bold,
And worthy of your sires of old!
I am not wont, in Council here,
With others' speech to interfere,
Yet well as any do I know,
Yon Panther is no common foe.
Some twenty times our squaws their corn
Have planted, since the fatal morn,
When, by an inroad of our foes,
Who, like a herd of buffaloes,
Came trooping madly o'er the plain,
With devastation in their train—
Our wigwams to the flames were given,
Our bravest Braves afar were driven,

And I, too young to share the fray,
Was captive led from home away;
And 'twas my lot, in that sad hour,
To fall in yonder Panther's power;—
He took me to his wigwam, where
He reared me — his adopted heir. (12)
He taught me how to bend the bow,
  To wield the hatchet, and the spear,
To lay the horned bison low,
  And course the antlered elk, and deer;
The beaver-trap with skill to make,
To launch my bark upon the lake,
To tell the stars, to track the foe,
And all a warrior's arts to know.
  And it was I who *first* espied
  Our foeman by the river's side,
  And seized him first when in the tide, —
Now, by the usage of the fight,
I claim him mine, by conquest right:
He was my father — I his son;
Ho-hon-na-gars! my talk is done!"

VI.

"Fit son art thou for such a sire!"
Cried Waynim, rising up in ire;
"And sire right meet is he, I trow,
For such a recreant son as thou!
Dog! dost thou dare to claim him thine?
Now, by Manitto's wrath, he's mine!
And I will prove my title good,
Or forfeit thee my heart's best blood!"
As his defiance thus he flung,
He straightway at his brother sprung.

VII.

With foot to foot, and hand to hand,
And hatchets raised on high, they stand;
While from pent brows, their glaring eyes
Dart glance for glance, as each defies
The threat'ning blow, that seems to pause,
As if in dread of such a cause,

Who hath thy mind such doubtings taught?
Thou wrong'st me, love, by such a thought!
My Eagle's eyrie I would share,
  Though built upon a craggy rock,
And poised aloft in upper air,
  And subject to the whirlwind's shock,
Rather than dwell in blooming bowers,
Amid the rarest, sweetest flowers,
My couch strewn with the leaves of roses,—
If Waynim by my side reposes!
Yes! yes! believe me, Ullwa dear,
  I pledge to thee my honor's word,
The serpent's scaly folds I swear
  Shall ne'er be nest for Humming-bird!
O! let me nestle 'neath thy plume,
  With thee through every scene to fly,
And may Manitto grant my doom,
  With thee to live, with thee to die!"
And she clung to his bosom, where fondly he pressed her,
And he bowed down his head as in silence he blessed her!

CANTO II.

I.

'Twas noon — from his Eternal throne
  Bright beamed the ever hallowed Sun,
Lighting, with glory all his own,
  The land he loves to shine upon, —
The Western land! whose banner high
  Is waving now with every breeze —
Is borne aloft in every sky,
  Triumphant over land and seas!
O! long that emblem flag unfurled,
  Through every clime shall still wave on,
And nations freed, throughout the World,
  Will hail the land of Washington!
And ever, should Fate's trumpet call
  Announce the sway of Tyranny,
That flag shall be the funeral pall
  To shroud expiring Liberty!

II.

'Twas noon — and Inda's hoary sire
Convened around the Council fire
The bravest chieftains of his band,
  To sit in judgment on their foe,
Who, fastly bound by foot and hand,
  Waited the word of weal or woe.
The snows of many Winters shed
A silvery mantle o'er his head,
And his once open, cloudless brow,
Was sternly knit in sadness now.
For Time had there his wrinkles wrought,
And many a whirlwind-blast of thought,
With age, and anguish, had combined,
To form that maelstrom of the mind,
Whose waves, the Passions, wildly roll,
With Life its vortex, Death its goal —
Whene'er towards that goal we're driven,
Our only anchorage is heaven.

III.

Conquered, yet not subdued, he stood,
  Nor recked he of his foemen there;
For far away, o'er plain and wood,
  His thoughts were wandering wildly, where
But late he left his happy home,
Abroad upon the chase to roam;
And though his look betokened grief,
And woe all hopeless of relief,
Yet still his eyes keen lightning flashed,
And met his foemen's unabashed,
And loftily his front he reared —
His was a soul that never feared!

IV.

Waynim arose, with smile of hate,
And thus bespoke the captive's fate:—
"My warrior-braves! our deadliest foe
Must not our vengeance now forego!

IX.

Hark! hark! to the discordant cry
That seems to cleave the very sky!
Loud, louder yet, its thunders ring,
As if the Fates were battleing!—
It is the war-whoop of the Soux,
Who, rushing in, their chief unloose,
And, wildly dealing blows around,
They soon are masters of the ground;
For unawares, struck with dismay,
The Ho-hon-na-gars flee away,—
Their foes pursuing, follow fast,
Urging their conquest to the last,
Nor cease the terrors of the fight
'Till all is veil'd in sable night.

X.

The sun, far in the western sky,
Had slowly hid him from the eye;

With the last beams of parting day,
The yell and war-whoop of the fray,
In distant echoes, died away;
The zephyrs, o'er that scene of death,
Came soft as sleeping infant's breath;
Nor sound nor murmur there arose
To break the silence and repose
That over all the landscape spread,
As if in rev'rence of the dead.
The summer moon, full broad and bright,
Resumed her empire o'er the night,
And over mountain, vale and plain,
Diffused her placid light again;
The lake like molten silver seem'd,
So beautifully clear it beamed,
Reflecting to the vault on high
The cloudless glories of the sky,
Its myriad stars in splendor set,
Gems in Creation's coronet!

XI.

A form of light and airy motion
  Glides noiselessly upon the scene,
Moving, like Peri of the Ocean,
  Or Fancy's fabled fairy queen;
Now carefully her way is wending
  Among the bodies of the dead,
And now, all horror-struck, she's bending
  Above a ghastly, gory head;
Beside the body now she's kneeling,
And thus gives utt'rance to her feeling,
In accents whose soft music floats
Mournful as dying cygnet's notes:—

XII.

"O! speak to me, my Ullwa dear,
  'Tis Inda calls — O! speak to me, —
Why art thou left so lonely here?
  Have all thy braves forsaken thee?—

O! speak to me, by that kind word,
  Which, since from thy sweet voice I heard,
I've ever in my heart rever'd —
  O! call me, love, thy humming-bird!
But nay — thou may'st not call me so —
  That name no longer emblems me;
But give me one the type of woe,
  And then, love, I will answer thee!
O! speak, my dearest Ullwa, speak!—
I've wiped the blood from off thy cheek,
And staunched the wound upon thy head,
That was all clotted o'er and red!" —
Her glowing lips to his she pressed,
And placed her hand upon his breast,
And gazed upon his death-fixed face,
As if some sign of life to trace, —
"Good heaven! his form is cold as snow;
His lips have lost their burning glow;
His heart, once warm with passion's heat, —
I cannot feel its pulses beat;
And his love-lit eyes have their lustre shed —
Manitto! Manitto! he's dead! he's dead!"

XIII.

The Sky-queen now, adown the West,
Seeks her cloud-curtain'd couch to rest,
While Night frowns in his deep mid-noon,
As loth to lose his bride, the Moon;
And, like a funeral train on high,
Black ghostly clouds are moving by;
And oft they shed huge drops of rain,
As though they wept the graveless slain:
And ever as the fitful gales
  Blow the dark vapors to and fro,
The stars, like eyes through sable veils,
  Gleam sadly on the World below.
Loud thunder-tones, that shake the sky,
Red lightning, flashing vividly;
The blast, that comes in hollow moanings,
Like some perturbed spirit's groanings;
The trees, whose limbs lock one another,
As though they wrestled with each other;
Dead leaves, that leaping from the ground,
Like sprites dance in the whirlwind's round;

The fretful waves, that lash the shore,
And mock the heavens' pealing roar;
The wolf's loud howl, the night-hawk's cry,
Bespeak a wrathful tempest nigh.

XIV.

Still lowly hapless Inda kneels,
  Beside her mangled hero's head,
While every lightning-flash reveals
  The certainty that he is dead!
Her hands are clasped, and fixed her eyes,
  That loved but death-cold face upon;
She sheds no tears, she breathes no sighs,
  But, like a figure carved in stone,
All motionless she gazes there,
A living image of Despair!
Anon the night is all one gloom,
And still more loud the thunders boom,
And wilder the quick lightning's flash,
More mad the chaffing waters plash,
The wind more hoarsely yet is blowing,
And fast the drenching rain is flowing.

The maiden now, with impulse strong,
Springs to her feet, and casts one long,
Long look towards the troubled sky;
Then, with impassioned energy,
She bends, and round her lover's waist,
Her fragile arms are close embraced;
And with a strength unknown before,
She drags his body to the shore,
Where, safely moor'd, her little bark
  Rides like a nut-shell on the wave,
And she, unheeding midnight dark,
  And tempest's rage, but seeks to save,
Her Ullwa from his foemen's eyes,
Who with the morn would seek the prize,
The greatest that their hopes could crave,
The trophy-scalp of chief so brave.
Such foul dishonor, she had sworn,
Should ne'er by *her* lov'd chief be borne!
No! rather should the vulture's beak
Pluck out his eye and rend his cheek;
Rather the wolf should lap his blood,
And tear his tender flesh for food,
Rather — than the exulting foe
Her lover's scalp should boasting show!

In life it was her joy and pride
Ever to be her chief beside;—
He's dead — it is her proudest aim
To shield his memory from shame.
O! ever thus will soul-felt love
Through life and death still constant prove.

XV.

At length, with toil sustained by Will,
  That ne'er its purpose will give over,
And part by force, and part by skill,
  The bark receives her and her lover.
She breaks the vine that binds it there —
  She plies the ready paddle fast —
And soon is floating swiftly, where
  The current quickest dashes past,
To the mad cataract, whose roar
Is echoed loud from shore to shore,
As, meeting with the glassy lake,
The Maumee's waves in surges break,
And splash, and rage, o'er rocks uneven,
And reek, in foaming mists, to heaven! (13)

XVI.

Now youthful Inda's toil is o'er,
  Although, alas! she finds no rest:—
Her heart throbs wildly as before—
  Her Ullwa's head is on her breast—
Her arms are twined around his form—
Her bark is left to stream and storm—
And as it swiftly glides along,
The maiden chants her wild death-song:— (14)

I.

"O! the Death-spirit fought
  On the side of our foes,
And our courage was nought,
  And no force in our blows;
The Dahcotahs set fire
  To the homes that we cherished,
And child, mother and sire—
  All our people have perish'd.

II.

"In their strength they were weak,
In their pride they were low,
And their bloody scalps reek
At the belts of the foe.
On the flesh of the dead,
O! the grey wolf will fatten;
The red fox will be fed,
And the black buzzards batten.

III.

"On our hearth-stones the seed
Of the green moss will grow,
And the young fawn will feed
By the side of the doe;
And the Grove of the Dance
By the owl will be haunted,
And the Bisons will prance
Where our corn-fields were planted.

Deep thunders break in tones of awful sound,
And the live lightnings madly flash around.
A giant oak, struck by the fire from heaven,
Its crackling branches to the flames has given,
And the wild blaze gleams in the blacken'd sky,
And lights the maid to her dread destiny.
The angry waters rage on every side,
And Death is rev'ling with the frothy tide:
The frail canoe speeds to the torrent's brink,
And now it rides the foam — now seems to sink —
It leaps the falls — it bounds the rough rocks over —
O! where are they — the maiden and her lover?

XVIII.

They sleep 'neath the cataract's foaming swell,
And nightly the murmuring breezes tell,
As they sweep the boughs of their trysting grove,
Of their hapless fate and their hopeless love —
They are gone to the far Spirit-land of the Blest,
Where the weary of Earth find a haven of rest,
And the waves of the lake, in their billowy surge,
Moan forever and ever their funeral dirge.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO ONE—

WHOSE SENTIMENTS I RESPECT,

WHOSE CHARACTER I ADMIRE,

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP I PRIZE,—

TO

HENRY DOUGHERTY,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS ARE DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE FAIR LADYE.

AN ANCIENT ROMAUNT.

"And they do say, that Sathan ofttimes cometh carnally in form of a dark favoured Knight, clothed in great blackness of Armour and plumes of Sable, the which colour, he doth much affect, and in such guise he is right comely to behold and hath much favour of the Fair, albeit, he is known for himself, and for no good, but for sin, the wages whereof is Death."

[*Father McCone's Border Legends.*

A fair Ladye, at her casement sat she,
  In the noontide's sunny hour,
And her fingers sped with the silken thread,
  Which she wove in many a flower,
With hues as bright as those that light
  A fairy's sylvan bower.

And the Ladye sighed as her work she plied,
  With care, right skillfully;
For her thoughts did stray to one away,
  Whom she loved fervently;
And her heart did swell, and the tear-drops fell
  On her rich embroidery.

And the Ladye wove a wreath of love,
  With *hearts-ease* and *mignonette*,
And a butterfly she wrought close by
  The flowers her tears had wet,
And she gazed on the wing of the beautiful thing
  With a look of deep regret.

"Ah me! Ah me!" the Ladye said she,
  "Love is like the butterfly,
That sports awhile in a sunny smile,
  And then away doth it hie,
From bower to bower, from flower to flower,
  As swift as the breeze goes by.

"And it stays in its flight, on hearts-ease to light,
  And its honey dew sips away,
And then the poor flower will fade from that hour

While the butterfly speeds to play;
And thus doth 'Love in *idleness*' rove,
And he recks not who must pay.

"And the insect thing soars by on the wing,
Where meek mignonette doth twine;
And seems, with a smile, to say the while,
'Now sweet! I can't make you mine;'
So Love hastes by past sweet Modesty,
Whose worth doth its beauty outshine."

As the Ladye wrought, 'twas thus she thought,
The butterfly typed a beau,
And each flower a belle, for she knew full well
'Tis thus the world doth go;
And the Ladye sighed, and drew up in pride,
That *one* dar'd use *her* so.

And a Knight came in, with a bearded chin,
Black hair and a flashing eye,
And he took his stand at the Ladye's hand,
And gazed at her wistfully,
And he dropped on his knee, in humility,
And to her his love spoke he.

He swore by the rood, that, through evil and good,
  He'd love her till he should die —
And the Ladye did ply, right busily,
  Her work of embroidery;
And the Knight, forsooth, protested his truth,
  And vowed to his constancy.

"O beautiful fair! I truly swear"—
  "Hush, hush, pray, Sir Knight!" said she,
And she rose, and she frowned, and the Knight was astound,
  And she dropped a courtesy,
And swept through the door, left the Knight on the floor,
  "Sir Knight, good bye unto thee."

And now the Knight, to his uttermost height,
  Uprose in wounded pride,
And his lips compressed, and his swelling breast,
  Told what he fain would hide,
And his eyes of fire wild glar'd with ire,
  And he seemed like a fiend defied.

But soon a smile of deepest guile
  Was over his features spread,
And he strode away with a look right gay,
  And a firm and lordly tread,
And he humm'd a song as he pass'd along,
  As though all his care had fled.

Eftsoons in the East, his hopes surceased,
  And he was right sad to see,
And anon he went forth to the frozen North,
  And eke to the South turn'd he,
And in pleasure's quest, he stray'd to the West,
  Away in a far countrie.

And the Ladye, I trow, had suitors enow,
  When that black Knight he was gone,
And she laughed in glee, and full merrily,
  With her gallants gay took on;
And her form so fair, and her beauty so rare,
  Were lovely to look upon.

But never a swain of all the train
  Could win her to his command;
And though she would list, well pleased, I wist,

To their sayings fair and bland,
Yet unfetter'd and free, that Ladye kept she,
And so eke she kept her hand.

And after much time, back to that clime,
Where he left the Ladye gay,
The Knight returned, and his bosom burned,
With the hate he felt alway,
Since his suit was crossed, and passion tossed,
He went in far lands to stray.

And it chanc'd the Knight and the Ladye bright
Did meet, and they both seemed fain,
And he told a tale, and she 'gan to pale —
It struck her with grief amain, —
It was that the youth, whom she loved in sooth,
Had wedded for golden gain.

And alack! alack! the Ladye fell back,
In a deadly swoon fell she,
Nor could skill of Leech the roses teach
To come back bloomingly,
O'er the ghastly white, like winter moonlight,
Of her cheek's pale heraldry.

And, for many a moon, the Ladye would swoon
  At thought of that tale of woe,
And long in unrest, by hope unblest,
  She languished with spirits low,
And great was the dread, her reason had fled,
  She was in such sadly show.

But Time, who can heal, and change woe to weal,
  Wrought change in the Ladye's fate,
And her cheeks did renew their roseate hue,
  And her spirits waxed elate,
And anon right gay, in frolic and play,
  She kept her maidenly state.

And now, in soft phrase and in gallant ways,
  With right winning courtesy,
The Knight again strove for the Ladye's love,
  Nor reck'd he of rivalry,
But bore him, I ween, with a noble mien,
  Like a Prince of Chivalry.

And the Ladye smiled, as the Knight beguiled,
  And kindly she looked him on,
And her hand he pressed, and her cheek caressed,

And she ne'er said him "be done"—
A word whispered he, a sigh answerd she,
And the fair Ladye was won.

And each wedding guest, bedecked in his best,
Came to grace the wedding day:
And there was the Knight, as bridegrom bedight
The Ladye in bride's array,
And they wassailed long, with dance, mirth and song,
To the merry minstrels' play.

Bold gallants were there, and many a fair,
In guise all lovely to see,
And in holy bands the Priest joined the hands
Of the Knight and fair Ladye,
And then they were greet with compliments meet
From the goodly companie.

What time in the West, the moon sunk to rest,
At late night and early day,
The Ladye was led to her bridal bed,
And there in beauty she lay—
Her cheek's blushing glow seemed her bosom's snow
To threaten to melt away.

The feast was all spent, and each his way went,
  The bridegroom to his bedrite,
The Ladye envied by many a maid,
  By many a lord the Knight,
And some did dream, with love for a theme,
  And some could not dream for spite.

And when the morn came, in its robes of flame,
  And the sun climbed up the sky,
Each guest arose from his couch of repose,
  To renew the revelry;
But bridegroom nor bride was there to abide
  Their mirth spoken merrily.

And loose jokes were sped at each lie-a-bed,
  'Till near half the day had past,
And the guests all there missed the bridal pair,
  And a gloom was o'er them cast,
So loud they did knock, and tried at the lock
  Of the bride's door — it was fast.

And no sound within did answer their din,
  While mute stood the listening crowd —
They burst the door wide, and reached the bed side,

And wildly they shrieked and loud —
The Ladye lay dead in her bridal bed,
Her bridal robes for a shroud.

No trace of the Knight could they bring to light —
He went and none knew where;
But right well I ween, his dark form it is seen
On that night in every year,
Bedight as bridegroom, to enter the room,
Where was found the Ladye fair.

My tale, it is done — pray think it upon,
With a calm and quiet thought,
And then ye will say that my pastime lay
Has not been written for nought,
For, if with right mind ye seek, ye will find
A moral is in it wrought.

EPISTLE TO A LADY.

Fair Lady! on that festive night,
  When with the gay throng thou wast dancing,
And many a glorious eye of light,
  Its love-lit rays around was glancing,
I marked thy faultless form — thy face,
  With all of woman's beauty beaming —
I saw thee move with matchless grace,
  Like fairy nymph of poet's dreaming,
I long'd from thy fair hand to gain
  Some fond memorial, some love token,
To cherish — it may be, in pain,
  With heart-made vows, untold, unbroken;
For oh! I knew that when afar
  From those bright scenes thou wast adorning,
To me thou would'st be as the star
  That lights the night and gems the morning.

That star!— the brightest one above —
  I gaze on ever when 'tis gleaming,
Its *name* is but a name for — *love!*
  And types thee to my fancy's seeming.
I love that star — I love each one
  That beams a jewel in the skies;
For when its light I look upon,
  I think I'm gazing in thine eyes.
"The window of thy soul's thine eye,"
  Through which thy light of mind is beaming —
Stars are the windows of the sky,
  Through which the soul of heaven is streaming;
And thus in my philosophy,
  When at the rays of either gazing,
The all of heaven that shines for me
  Is only in thy bright eyes blazing.

But Lady, pardon me, I pray,
  This meteoric fancy-flying;
I'm wandering in the "milky way,"
  When other paths I should be trying, —
I've nothing now to do with *Love*,
  Or any of its wild romancing,
For I should write about the *glove*
  You gave to me *that* night when dancing.

You know you dropt it on the floor,
  And from the throng I stept and raised it;
I turn'd its tiny fingers o'er,
  Look'd at, admired, and highly praised it.
You gave it me — now, Lady fair,
  Say, is't a gage of like or scorning —
And must I it in fealty wear,
  Or hold it for some rival's warning?

In the stern iron times of old,
  Renown'd for chivalry in story,
When Knights in armour, proud and bold,
  Went forth to war for love and glory;
When beauty's queen the laurel wove,
  Which soon the conq'ror's brow was wearing,
And the fair hand of "ladye love,"
  Was fairly won by deeds of daring;
O! then, if maiden threw the gage,
  A thousand lances quick were glancing,
A thousand champions, war to wage,
  Were soon their fiery coursers prancing,
And loudly the shrill trump breath'd forth,
  "To arms!" all reckless knights defying,
Who dar'd deny that maiden's worth,
  Or speak her loveliness decrying.

But lady fair, those days have pass'd,
  And chivalry is out of fashion,
And knights no more the gauntlet cast,
  To prove the ardor of their passion;
Our lance is now a grey goose-quill,
  Or at the worst a pen "Perryan,"
And ink's the only blood we spill;
  And all the armour that we try on,
Is not by smith, but tailor made,
  And furnish'd by a woollen draper;
And all our tourney lists are laid
  Within the bounds of writing paper;
And ladies cease to throw the glove,
  For champion beaux to run a tilting,
Where those who win will gain their love,
  And those who lose will get—*a jilting*.

So then in this quill-driving age,
  So diff'rent from those olden times,
I can't make war about thy gage,
  And therefore send to thee these rhymes.
They may perchance some word recall,
  Some thought that was not idly spoken,
And waken memories of all
  The feelings of a former token;

Of things, which though forgot by thee,
  From out my mind can wander never,
For now they are a part of me,
  And in my heart must dwell forever.
I'll keep thy gift where'er I rove,
  It was my pride, my joy to win it,
But, when thou next giv'st me a *glove*,
  O Lady! let thy *hand* be in it.

SONG.

The charm has departed,
  The struggle is o'er;
I 've prov'd thee false hearted,
  And prize thee no more.

No more can'st thou come
  To this heart's ruin'd shrine:
It is not a home
  For such falsehood as thine.

Go, go, and be blest,
  With the gay and the free:
Nor mar thou thy rest
  With one sad thought of me.

The pain be mine only—
  My love was too leal;
And wretched and lonely
  This bosom must feel.

O! now we must sever,
  For broke is Love's chain,
And never, O! never,
  Can bind us again.

Hadst thou but have known
  My devotion to thee,
Thou ne'er could'st have shown
  Such unkindness to me.

May no evils come near thee,
  May each bliss be thine,
May'st thou still have to cheer thee
  Some soul true as mine;—

And ne'er may'st thou know,
  By word or by token,
The sorrow and woe
  Of the heart thou hast broken.

LOVE.

I mark'd two falling flakes of snow,
  Together to the cold earth stray —
The sun beam'd forth with fervent glow,
  They melted in one drop away.

Thus two young hearts, whose pulses beat
  With feelings all in unison,
When warm'd by Love's congenial heat,
  Commingle and unite in one.

There were two vines so closely wound,
  To sever one would kill the other,
And thus two hearts, that love has bound,
  Can only live with one another.

Down yonder vale two streamlets meet,
  And in one river glide along,
Blending their waves in murmurs sweet,
  As dying cadences of song.

And sweetly thus, two hearts, that love
  Has made in sympathies agree,
Together like those streams will move,
  And mingle to eternity.

THE OLDEN TIME.

The olden time's long past, and now
  (O! bitter change to rue,)
Friendship has not so warm a glow,
  And love is not so true;—
The very sun sheds not such light,
  The moon's not so sublime:
Nor do the stars beam half so bright
  As in the olden time.

The flow'rs that for the brow of Spring
  Their gaudy chaplets weave—
The birds that matin music sing,
  And vespers chant at eve—
Have not the hue—have not the tone—
  Seem foreign to the clime;
And glad not, as in days by-gone,
  In the sweet olden time.

My heart, that, at the thought of ill,
  Once flutter'd in my breast,
Like a young bird by fowler's skill
  Just stolen from its nest,
Is now by worldly contact turn'd
  Too intimate with crime,
Nor recks the holy lessons learn'd
  In the sweet olden time.

My mother's kiss, my father's smile,
  My brother's laugh of joy—
My merry sister's artless wile,
  My playmate with his toy,—
The school—my little sweetheart there,
  For whom I first wrote rhyme—

Alas! they are not what they were,
  In the sweet olden time.

'Tis sad to muse o'er pleasures fled,
  O'er hopes that ne'er have bloom'd—
O'er mem'ries of rever'd ones dead,
  In the heart's love entomb'd;
But sadder still on Sabbath day,
  When peals the church bell's chime,
To think the soul's more need to pray,
  Than in the olden time.

LOVE'S ARGUMENT.

O! life is short, and love is brief,
Life ends in woe and love in grief;
  Yet both for bliss are given,
And wise philosophy will teach
Who one enjoys, enjoyeth each,
  And comes most near to heaven.

Now you and I, dear girl, well know
All bliss is fleeting here below,
  As moralists do prove;
Then let us haste, while youth is rife,
To snatch the fondest joy in life,
  And only *live to love.*

O Love! it is the tender rose,
That for a little season blows,
  And withers, fades and dies;
Then seize it in its budding grace,
And in thy bosom give it place,
  Ere its sweet perfume flies.

Love is the bubble that doth swim
Upon the wine cup's flowing brim,
  A moment sparkling there;
Then haste thee, dear, its sweets to sip,
And let them melt upon thy lip,
  Or they will waste in air.

O Love! it is the dew-drop bright
That steals upon the flow'r at night,
  And lingers there till morn;

The flow'r doth droop, when with the day
The sun dissolves the drop away:
  So love is killed by scorn.

And thus do transient tear-drops shine,
Bright'ning those soul-lit eyes of thine,
  That beam with soften'd ray;
No gleam of scorn from others' eye
Shall make those glitt'ring tear-drops dry—
  I'll kiss them, dear, away.

O love is like the ling'ring spark,
'Midst fading embers in the dark—
  'Tis brightest as it dies;
But 'tis a Phœnix with swift wings,
And forth from its own ashes springs,
  And soars for genial skies.

Then taste love's joys while yet you may,
For they with wint'ry age decay,
  And coldness will them smother;
And if young Love should ever find
One maiden's heart to prove unkind—
  He soon will seek another.

WOE.

To centre ev'ry sunny thought —
  Each hope — each aspiration too —
In one bright being, fancy-wrought,
  But all embodied to the view;
To keep her in your heart inurned,
  Warm'd with affection's purest glow,
Yet know your love is unreturned —
  O this is woe! — O this is woe!

To join the gay and giddy crowd,
  And there the gayest seem to be,
Yet, while your laughter is most loud,
  You curse your own hypocrisy;
And as you proudly pass along,
  And smile on all who smiles bestow,
Feel you 've no friend in all the throng —
  O this is woe! — O this is woe!

Beneath a damned wrong to dwell,
  Doom'd Envy's sland'ring hate to rue,
To find your heart is made a hell—.
  The fiend unknown who tortures you—
Suspect where'er a doubt will lie,
  Yet seek in vain your secret foe,
And unrevenged, perchance, to die—
  O this is woe!—O this is woe!

To stand beside the bed of death,
  Where parent, friend, or lov'd one lies—
To see him yield his parting breath,
  And close, with kindly hand, his eyes;
To join the train that bears the pall
  Of your lost love, and feel as though
It were your own heart's funeral—
  O this is woe!—O this is woe!

To think, while in the grave they place
  That angel form, so young, so fair—
Those eyes, those lips, that lovely face—
  The vile earth-worm will batten there;

To hear the clayey clods that roll
  Upon the coffin's lid below,
And feel the shud'ring of your soul —
  O this is woe! — O! this is woe!

To loathe the life you needs must bear,
  Knowing you are not fit to die,
Yet urg'd to death by dark Despair,
  With torture thoughts of agony;
Longing to cut the slender thread
  That binds your spirit here below,
But dreading lest your doom when dead
  Is endless woe! — is endless woe!

By turns to curse — by turns to pray —
  To love — to hate — but all in vain;
To see your budding hopes decay,
  While Mem'ry wakens but to pain;
To live in passion's ceaseless strife,
  All joy — all pleasure to forego;
And feel how burthensome is life —
  O all is woe! — O all is woe!

TIME AND LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

O Time! O Time! I honor thee,
And I sigh as thy golden moments flee,
  For I know, alas! as they swiftly pass,
They ne'er again can return to me.

They wrong thee, Time — they wrong thee, Time,
Who say, that from a frozen clime,
  With scythe in hand and glass of sand,
Thou com'st, an old man past his prime,

Who tak'st delight, while speeding by,
Tears to call to the father's eye;
  And with blow of scythe makes the mother
    writhe,
To see the orphan fall and die.

O! Time is not a hoary wight,
With grizly beard of snowy white,
And a lank forelock, long and grey,
Forever in the winds at play:
Like a Pasha's ensign on high,
Over a Mosque's dome in the sky.
O no! he is a lovely boy,
His face all wreath'd in smiles of joy,
With pearly teeth and dimpled chin,
And eyes lit up by soul within,
And hair of golden shade and light,
Curl'd o'er a brow of spotless white,
And winglets on his shoulders plac'd,
As bright as e'er an angel grac'd,
And soft as pinions of a dove—
Time the twin-brother is of Love;
And they so look like one another,
Each oft is taken for his brother.
Both are immortal in their youth,
Pure and unchangeable as Truth;
And they were born in Eden bowers,
  The day that Eve awoke to light,
When glancing round upon the flowers,
  That ev'ry where entranc'd her sight,

A rose-bud she enraptur'd view'd,
And to the flower her lips she glu'd,
Which thus took odour from her breath,
And quickly bloom'd, and show'd beneath
Its crimson leaves, close nestling there,
Two butterflies of beauty rare,
That spread their wings and off they flew,
And soon to beauteous boys they grew,
And *Love* and *Time*, thro' ev'ry weather,
Are ever hand in hand together.
Time marks for Love the rolling years,
And Love to Time all things endears;
And though all things will fade away,
By sudden death or slow decay,
Yet Time gives immortality,
Which Love writes down in memory.
The little flow'r will fade and die,
  But Love doth save its seed from doom,
And Time doth roll the season by,
  When it again will live and bloom.
The parent dies, but leaves behind
His model, both in form and mind,
For at his birth watch Love and Time,
And rear him up to manhood's prime:

The stream may dry—be parch'd the plain;
But Time will verdure bring with rain,
And though leaves fall, yet they renew
As fresh as at the first they grew.
Thus Love and Time's united might,
Tho' baffled oft, yet wins the fight,
Which *Death*, the foe of slaves and kings,
Wages 'gainst all created things.

Away! away! why should I sing
In strains of sentimental lore?
While o'er the chords my hand I fling,
Such themes awaken thoughts of yore—
Thoughts of the "green spots" of my youth;
Thoughts of my soul's untainted truth;
Thoughts of the friends of early days;
Thoughts of my childhood's haunts and plays;
Thoughts of the woodland shade and glen;
Thoughts of the love which warm'd me, when
First to my heart the feeling came—
Alas! nor Love and Time combin'd
Can ever bring back to my mind,
That first love's pure and hallowed flame.

To other strains I'll haste away,
To other measure wake my lay;
And never reck how moves my song,
Nor care what themes it bears along.

THE WORLD.

The world! the world! What is the world?
  Of which so much we prate,
Wherein we are as atoms hurl'd,
  Whose fiat is our Fate.

We enter on its busy maze
  With youthful feelings rife,
We shun its scorn, we pray its praise,—
  To us the breath of life.

We labor with unceasing toil
  To win its fleeting smile,
And through its myriad windings coil,
  For either good or guile.

And hope though oft defer'd, still beams,
  To lure us with its ray,
And still we welcome joy's new dreams,
  As old ones pass away.

Ambition gems a diadem,
  And wreathes a wreath of fame,
And bids us Fortune's current stem,
  To battle for a name.

We seize the sword, to war rush on,
  We fall—our wounds our glory—
And thus is Honor's guerdon won,
  And thus we end our story.

Or else perchance to learning's page
  The thought of Fame awakes us,
We study on from youth to age,
  Or till disease o'ertakes us.

Meanwhile the rabble bears along
  Some demagogue before us,
Who courted well the vulgar throng,
  And thus doth triumph o'er us.

Philosophy we ponder o'er
  In eager search for truth,
And waste upon its pond'rous lore
  The precious years of youth.

And when with age and grief grown grey,
  What problem is found out?
Alas! we sadly turn away,
  To droop and die in doubt.

O'er holy writ we bend the mind
  Till Reason quits her throne,
And then we can but weep to find
  The soul a sceptic grown.

Friendship in Fortune's sunny day,
  Is beautiful and bright,
But woe and care obscure her ray,
  And veil her beams in night; —

And Love — our young heart's plighted gage —
  Our youth's most thrilling theme —
Alas! we find in wintry age,
  'Twas only summer's dream.

We *are* — and yet we know not why
  Our fate has sent us hither,
To live our little hour and die,
  And go — we know not whither.

O man is but a fragile bark,
  Tost on a tempest sea,
Above him storm-clouds gather dark,
  And breakers on his lee.

Hope's a false beacon on the wave,
  That lures him to despair;
Truth's only home is in the grave —
  The wise will seek her there.

SONG.

'Tis said thou deem'st I do not love,
  That falsely I have vowed,
That with light heart I reckless rove,
  Through Fashion's giddy crowd;
But O! believe my joy's but seeming,
For I have griefs beyond thy dreaming.

'Tis true, I court another's smile.
  Another smiles on me,
Yet is my spirit sad the while,
  With aching thought of thee;
E'en as the rose, that gaily blowing,
May hide within a canker growing.

At ball and rout I play a part,
  And wear a gladsome air,
Yet feel thy coldness at my heart,
  Freezing the currents there,
Thus laughing streams, the Frost concealing,
Still flow most clear while they're congealing.

The gayest in the merry throng,
  Where wit and wine may flow,
I wake the jest and sing the song,
  But ne'er feel Pleasure's glow —
While rays of light the Ruby's beaming,
The gem is cold, though brightly gleaming.

Oft wreathed in smiles the face appears,
  Although the soul may grieve,
For hearts of Pride will scorn at tears,
  And break but they'll deceive.

Thus I beguile the world with seeming,
Yet love thee, dearest, past thy dreaming.

TO ELLA.

"Thy curse shall be—to THINK."

'Tis past the middle hour of night—
  The revel's o'er, the guests are gone,
My lamp sheds an unequal light,
  I pace my chamber sad and lone.
Weary, my couch I fain would press,
  But that I dread the dreams it brings,
For slumber soothes not my distress,
  But lulls me as with Vampire wings;

And from my vision'd woes I start,
  And though the thought-fiend quits its prey,
Yet, from my torn and bleeding heart,
  The life ebbs, drop by drop, away;
And thoughts, the ghosts of pleasures dead,
  Like Gouls their vigils round me keep,
Wild dreams distract my aching head,
  And Mem'ry haunts me e'en in sleep.

Alas! I seek in vain the page
  Of storied lore in poesy told;
Nor music can my griefs assuage,
  Though from Apollo's harp of gold.
The drowsy drug from orient climes,
  Can minister no rest to me,
For like a felon dyed in crimes
  And conscience stung — I *think* — of thee.

I think of those bright days, when thou,
  In the rife love-time of thy youth,
With thy unclouded sunny brow,
  And eyes that look'd the soul of truth,
Would pillow thy meek head of grace,
  In fond confiding on my breast,
And turn to mine thy blushing face —
  O then I felt how richly blest!

I think of those oft stolen hours,
  When thus together met alone,
Our life was gay as summer flowers,
  And each was all the other's own,
And when I vow'd my vows of love,
  The joy-tears glisten'd in thine eyes,
And sweet as seraph tones above,
  Thou vowd'st me thine, half words, half sighs,

And as I bow'd thy mouth to sip,
  While parting back thy golden hair,
Rich dew, like Hermion's, on thy lip,
  Repaid the kiss that sought it there.

Yes, yes, I *think* — too certain thought —
  Thy love unfelt was only spoken,
Thy hand so fair was falsely bought,
  Thy vows were made, and made — and broken.
The gems that deck thy glossy hair,
  And sparkle on thy swelling bust,
Thy home and equipage so rare —
  For these, thy form was sold to lust.
Dost thou not *think*, dost thou not *feel?*
  O! wherefore then, thy pallid cheek,
Those frequent sighs that more reveal,
  Than e'er thy voice may dare to speak?
How can'st thy soul sustain the shock,
  While as thou meet'st thy lord's caress,
Thou *feel'st* thou giv'st the "fiend's arch mock,"
  Whene'er he bends thy lips to press?

Go, run thy round of seeming joy,
  Still Fashion's favor'd minion be,
And never let thy thoughts employ,
  An idle moment upon me.

Be ever first where joy seems rife,
  But when thou stand'st upon Time's brink,
And mem'ry glances back o'er life,
  Then, if thou can'st, O! cease to think.
Were I thy foe, no deeper curse
  Could I express, than bid thee, *Live!*
Alas! that such should be the worse —
  Farewell, I pity, and — forgive.

INA.

It was upon a cloudless summer eve,
And from her starry empire the broad moon
Shone gloriously. The soft south zephyr
Play'd gently in the over-arching trees,
With its invisible fingers waking
The leaves to harmony, that plaintively
Stole on the ear like sounds from fairy harps,
In a soft melody of murmurings.
I was with Ina — the sylp-like Ina —
She was a witching creature, just sixteen,
And I some few years older. We reclin'd

Upon the flow'ry bank of a clear stream
That spread its shining waters at our feet;
While far above us the wide Heaven stretch'd
Its rich blue canopy, spangled with worlds.
Ina look'd beautiful — her long tresses
Fell down her snowy neck so gracefully,
I couldn't keep my hands from toying in them,
Then her eyes were beaming languishly,
And the curl'd dimple in her blush-lit cheek,
Look'd made for little loves to nestle in;
Her glowing lips just parting with a sigh,
Were like twin rosebuds sever'd by a breeze;
She was most beautiful: — The far off stars
As forth they glanc'd their bright rays over her,
Seem'd silently with each other vieing
In adoration of her loveliness;
And as I gaz'd upon her, why, I thought
The Houris in Mahommed's paradise,
Or fabled Peris in the ocean caves,
Were not more perfect in their symmetry.
I held her hand and told my tale of love
So touchingly, she could not but believe;
I press'd her to my bosom, and I felt
Her young warm heart responsive throb to mine —

Our lips, they met — again — and still again —
And then — But nay, I may not tell it all —
Ina is married now — yet well I ween
She still remembers that fair summer eve —
O! 'twas a joyous night — I truly swear
Were all the crowns that monarchs ever wore
Made into one resplendent diadem,
I'd not have barter'd that one night of bliss
For aye to wear it proudly on my brow —
Anointed autocrat of all the world.

TO MARTHA.

There's beauty in the sunset hue
  That lights the summer sky,
There's beauty in the flow'ring bud
  That blossoms but to die;
But the glow of soul upon thee,
  Outvies the sunset tint,
And thy cheek outblooms the flow'ret,
  And hath more beauty in't.

There's music in the matin song
  When warbling birds rejoice,

But, sweeter is the melody,
  That's breathing in thy voice;
The dew that gems the violet,
  Comes purely from on high,
But purer, rarer, brighter, is
  The tear-drop in thine eye.

The fleecy snow that shiv'ring falls,
  Chill'd with its own bleak cold,
Is chaste and white, and thus might be
  Thy bosom's emblem told;
But O! thy bosom is a shrine,
  Where coldness should not stay,—
I wonder, that thy heart so warm
  Melts not its snow away.

The sky above is glorious,
  The ocean is sublime;
And earth still grows in loveliness,
  Through ever onward time.
All nature is most beautiful,
  The sky — the earth — the sea,
But all, sweet Lady, wert *thou* not,
  Were dreariness to me.

BEAUTY, LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

'Twas on a sultry summer eve,
That languid Beauty stole away,
Without so much as taking leave,
From a bright hall where nymphs at play,
Were rev'ling through a holiday.

The lass a golden girdle wore,
Which round her slender waist was slid,
And 'neath the clasp that met before,
Wrought curiously within the lid,
A priceless gem was slyly hid.

Love danc'd along behind the maid,
And held her train up as her page,
While by her side slow, solemn, staid,
Walk'd Prudence, her duenna sage,
Who oft in council did engage.

They hied them to a vernal dell,
  That Flora had bedeck'd with flowers,
And on a mossy couch they fell,
  Reclining 'neath the vine-wove bowers
  That drank the evening's dewy showers.

Prudence advised that Beauty should
  Retire from the evening air,
But Beauty her advice withstood,
  And said she'd spend the evening there, —
  The breeze was bland, the sky was fair.

In vain did Prudence say 'twas wrong,
  To tempt the vapors of the night,
For Beauty only humm'd a song,
  And Love at Prudence laugh'd outright,
  He hated her — the saucy sprite!

The sage duenna then foretold
  Some ill would happen to the pair,
And said that lest they might take cold,
  She'd go and bring their mantles there,
  To shield them from the dewy air.

She bade the boy and maiden, too,
  While she was gone strict vigil keep,
Charged them again beware the dew,
  Then warn'd them not to fall asleep—
  And turn'd her footsteps up the steep.

Now Love and Beauty left alone,
  The urchin nestled near the maid,
With cunning hand unbound her zone,
  And with the gem his fingers played
  Yet beauty seem'd no whit afraid.

He on her bosom laid his head,
  And look'd up in her face and smil'd,
But still the maiden felt no dread,
  Although his look was arch and wild—
  For Love, you know, is but a child.

Anon the fellow bolder grown,
  More closely to her bosom presses,
While still his hand toys with her zone,
  Each cheek by turns the boy caresses,
  And on her lips imprints his kisses.

The winged moments swiftly flew,
  While they were thus forgeting duty,
And when Miss Prudence came in view,
  The boy, who had secured his booty,
  Fled, and left poor weeping Beauty.

When Prudence saw the hapless girl,
  Half drown'd in tears of her own weeping,
Her raven ringlets out of curl,
  Her heart, that when she left seem'd sleeping,
  Now almost from her bosom leaping,

She shriek'd — but when her pupil told
  That Love and her had been at play,
That he unbound her zone of gold,
  And stole her precious gem away,
  And fled and left her where she lay —

She laugh'd at simple Beauty's tale,
  The girl she thought was surely mad,
In sobs and tears thus to bewail
  A jewel no one knew she had,
  Whose loss ought ne'er to make her sad.

Said she, "look here my darling pet,
  My girdle fits exact you know,
And 'neath this clasp my gem *was* set,
  A traitor stole it long ago,
  And I—I scorn'd to take on so.

"Then dry your eyes my pretty dear,
  And bind your girdle firmly on,
Adjust your dress and never fear,
  Keep but your secret and my own,
  And none will know our gems are gone."

THE REVELLER.

Behold yon youth—his features scan—
His cheeks are sunken, pale and wan,
His hollow eyes scarce send a ray,
To light his tott'ring footsteps' way.
His broken voice can hardly sound
Jehovah's name—and O, far worse,
  If e'er he speak that name profound,
'Tis only mutter'd with a curse,
  Or made a jest to all around.

But twenty summer suns have set
O'er his fair brow, and yet, and yet,
Old age already there is writ,—
And care has deeply furrow'd it.
His with'ring limbs and nervous hand,
The storms of life can ne'er withstand,
And soon the grave must o'er him close;
  His joys—his hopes—all, all must fade,
He'll sink, the victim of his woes,
  In ruin that himself hath made.
He hunts for pleasure in the throng
Of dissipation, and along,
Borne by its o'erwhelming tides,
Amidst the giddy scenes he glides,
And fills the bowl, and madly quaffs
Its fell, intoxicating draughts,
'Till mind and body both are bound;
  In its inebriating spell
The soul's best feelings all are drown'd,
  And nought is left the wreck to tell,
Save passion, wildly raving round.
And now he yields to woman's lure,
  Won by her blandishments and art—
An angel—till her victim's sure,
  A fiend—when she has gain'd the heart.

Soft pillow'd on a wanton's breast,
His aching brow has sunk to rest;
The syren's voice, in soothing numbers,
Lulls him to slèep, and as he slumbers,
Wild fancy spreads her fairy wings,
  And visions, beautiful and bright,
Rise to his fond imaginings,
  Peopling the dark and dreary night
With creatures of ethereal light,—
Unlike the cold and earthly things,
That oft by day obstruct the sight.
He dreams of one whose clear eyes shone,
  From out their long dark lashes glancing,
In liquid beams—her look—her tone
  Her ev'ry motion was entrancing—
And O! she lov'd but him alone,
  And he to her his love had given;
She came in beauty all her own,
  An emanation pure from heaven;
And now she's lying by his side—
  His burning lips to hers he presses,
O, she's his own—his own young bride,
  Whose glowing cheeks he thus caresses,
And veils them with her raven tresses
  As tho' he fain the blush would hide

That mantles over them — he feels
  Her snowy bosom softly swell
Against his own — each throb reveals
  A joy of which no tongue can tell.
His pulse beats quick — he heaves a sigh
Of deep soul-thrilling ecstacy,
And with that sigh the spell he breaks,
  The dream dissolves its airy charms,
He wakes — to agony he wakes,
  With rank pollution in his arms.
O God! — O God! — and it is so,
That youth is wasted, and the glow
Of health is driven from the cheek,
And lying lips are taught to speak
Of holy love — while foul disgust
Informs the heart that 't is but lust.
Then loathsomeness pervades the soul
  And mad'ning thoughts drive thro' the brain,
And the intoxicating bowl
  Is the accursed resort again.
Infatuation's power binds,
  And leads its victim to his fate,
'Till he at length despairing finds,
  Repentance comes, alas! too late.

TO ELOISE.

Sweet Lady! thou wast formed for love,—
  Thy beauty's all thine own;
Thou art all other girls above—
  A very paragon.
Bright as the raven's plumes thy hair,
  And darker is its dye,
And like it the long lashes are,
  That fringe thy piercing eye.

Thy forehead is a splendid dome
  Of high and palmy thought,
Where Fancy holds her courtly home,
  And Wit's bright gems are wrought.
Thy arched brow is Cupid's bow,
  His arrows are thy glances—
Thy accents all melodious flow,
  In music that entrances.

Thy mouth's a ruby casket bright,
  Jewell'd with pearls most rare—
A bee upon thy lip might light,
  And gather honey there.
Thy smile is like the sunny trace,
  That spreads from pole to pole.
For ev'ry feature in thy face
  Is radiant with soul.

Nature to make ONE work refin'd,
  That ev'ry sense should please,
Beauty with Wit and Love combin'd,
  And form'd thee out of these.
Thou need'st no diadem or throne,
  Thy title to impart;
Thou hast no peer—for thou alone
  Art queen of ev'ry heart.

THE BRGHT-EYED GIRL OF LOUISVILLE

I've wandered long in East and West,
  In frozen North and sunny South,
I've marked where beauty's most exprest,
  In eye, in cheek, in brow and mouth;
I've seen the Northern maiden fair,
  The Creole, with her raven tresses,
The Eastern girl, with golden hair,
  The "Buckeye" lass whom beauty blesses;
I've scanned their forms, that seem'd to be
  Made of rare graces all combin'd,
And faces that *look'd* poetry,
  They were illumin'd so with mind;
But none my thoughts could e'er beset,
  Or ever make my bosom thrill,
Until that peerless maid I met,
  The bright-eyed girl of Louisville!

With maids like her to be their "toast,"
  Land of the Fair and of the Free!
Full well thy gallant sons may boast,
  Their "Old Kentucky's" chivalry:
For who could not, by *thinking* on
  Such lovely forms, so formed for loving,
Dare any deed where honor's won,
  And die to gain their smiles approving?
The heroes of the times of old,
  Thought of their lady-loves in war,
To fire their hearts and make them bold,
  To push their conquering arms afar.
Oh! give to us of modern days,
  To warm our hearts, and nerve our will,
Such glorious girls as her I praise,
  The bright-eyed girl of Louisville!

In my own native home afar,
  Where monuments to valor rise,
Where woman is the polar star,
  That guides to gallant enterprise,
Where girls are formed in mould so fair,
  That beauty hath a proverb grown,
And loveliness is everywhere,
  So thickly o'er the land 'tis sown.

E'en there — those palace-streets among,
  Where maids to love are dutiful,
Where beauties in all guises throng,
  The City of the Beautiful — [15]
I never saw, and ne'er could see,
  One form'd with such exquisite skill,
As ever to compare with thee,
  My bright-eyed girl of Louisville!

I've scann'd the "Byron Beauties" o'er,
  In them thy counterpart to find,
But all in vain — the poet's lore
  Could never paint thee to the mind;
I've sought in other rhymer's lays,
  To see thee typ'd and imag'd well,
But all their songs were feeble praise,
  Thy matchless loveliness to tell.
O! thou wert sent to bless the earth,
  And be fair woman's paragon,
All beauties Poets sing to birth,
  Mingle, and meet in thee alone.
I only live thy love to be,
  And dying, would adore thee still,
For in my soul I worship thee,
  My bright-eyed girl of Louisville!

LINES TO A LADY.

On returning to her a sprig of Cedar, which in Floral language means, "I live for thee."

Fair lady, in those sunny climes
  That lie beneath the eastern skies,
Love's language is not writ in rhymes,
  But beams in looks and breathes in sighs;
And when fond maidens would impart
  To one away, love's magic power,
They send the wishes of the heart
  Interpreted by leaf or flower.
I marked last night thy sigh — thy look —
  Alas! they told no love for me;
Though in this leaf, as in a book,
  I read the words — "I live for thee."

Sweet lady, since thy look or sigh
  Confirms not what this leaflet tells,
O! take it back — nor deem that I
  Think lightly of thy magic spells:

Yes, take it, a memorial still
  Of one who owns thy witching sway,
Whose heart can know no other will
  Than thy fond wishes to obey.
O! keep it — and when hence I fly,
  Let it remind thee oft of me,
And tell, as doth my look and sigh,
  "I live for thee" — "I live for thee."

TO MEDA.

When the rose fades from thy cheek,
  And the lily withers there;
When thy lips no longer speak
  Sweetest music to the air;
When thy blighted hopes shall grieve thee,
When thy youthful beauties leave thee,
  Without a trace or sign,
When cares shall compass round thee,
And spells of grief have bound thee, —
  Still, will my love be thine.

When the lustre quits thine eyes,
  And thy brow is furrow'd o'er,
When thy bosom sadly sighs,
  For the joys it knows no more,
When fickle friends disprove thee,
And false ones cease to love thee,
  And leave thee to repine,
O! then one friend will meet thee,
One heart will bound to greet thee,
  One soul be ever thine.

The flowers that bloom in spring,
  Soon wither and die away,
And love is a transient thing,
  That oft fades as soon as they;
But the soul that doth adore thee,
And pours its vows before thee,
  Has made thy heart its shrine.
Then lady, dear, believe me,
My *soul*, can ne'er deceive thee
  Tis thine — forever thine.

ANACREONTIQUE.

TO LILLISS.

Let others praise thy form and face,
And paint thee deck'd with ev'ry grace,
And swear thy attributes of mind,
Are all that's gentle and refined!
That angel-like thou walk'st the Earth
Too glorious for mortal birth;
Yes! let them praise thee as they will,
To me thou wilt be homely still—
Unless thy heart thou yieldest free,
And own'st no other lord than me.
Whene'er I see luxurious hair,
My fingers want to revel there,
And if the cheeks with roses shine,
I wish to have them press'd to mine:
No eye to me is bright and beaming,
Lest, when it sleeps of me, [illegible] dreaming

Nor would I have it ope to me,
Lest mirror'd there myself I see:
I ne'er gaze on a ruby lip,
But that its dews I long to sip;
I ne'er think bosom smooth and fair,
Unless my head may pillow there!
No form for me has any charms,
Save I may clasp it in my arms;
Thus woman ne'er to me's divine
Unless for me her beauties shine.
O! then, if thou would'st have me love—
Thou must to me all kindness prove—
That smile consents—that witching smile
Might Lucifer of woe beguile—
Come! fill the cup with rosy wine,
I'll drink, and swear thou art divine—
I'll drink to thee—unbind thy zone—
I'll drink to thee, my love, my own!

WOMAN.

O woman! unto thee my thoughts aye tend—
  To thee—the fairest feature of creation;
Ever the falsest foe, and firmest friend—
  Our greatest grief—our sweetest consolation;
Tyrant and slave together in thee blend,
  And still thou art our proudest exultation;
I loathe, yet love thee, from my inmost soul,
And spurning thee, I bow to thy control.

Thou epitome of antithesis!
  Thou Pandora! fair messenger of woe!
Full fraught with evils yet bespeaking bliss,
  Thy heart's the casket whence those evils flow,
Thy lips the lid;—let feelings urge amiss,
  Or rouse thy passion to a fervent glow,
'Tis open'd and unnumber'd mischiefs flee—
  But Hope, the Siren, stay and lures to thee.

Dear Woman! as a Mother most belov'd,
From life's beginning to its closing scene,
With a deep love, unshrinking and unmoved
Through all the good or ills that intervene;
As sister — friend — thy truth is ever prov'd,
And nought can come thy faith and love between;
Thou art the Halcyon of our youthful years,
Blending thy vision with our hopes and fears.

O! I do know how soothing 'tis to feel
A Mother's hand pass'd o'er my aching head;
To see a sister bend o'er me, or kneel,
A "min'st'ring angel" by my restless bed,
With anxious look inquiring of my weal;
The very flutter of her gown — her tread —
Came like sweet music calming me to rest,
And I have wept to think I was so blest.

Though man hath basely squander'd a fair fame,
Though oft he causes bitter tears to start,
The Mother still, through crime, reproach and shame,
Will keep him garner'd in her heart of heart —
The Sister's love still cherishes his name
Though he hath riv'd affection's ties apart;

And O! through each vicissitude of life,
How fondly to the husband clings the wife.

O woman! ingrate man in vain may try
  To pay the myriad debts that are thy due;
E'en though he drain his heart's exchequer dry,
  And make his very soul a bankrupt too,
Thy drafts upon his love unhonored lie;
  His utmost reach of years are all too few
To cancel half the gifts that thou hast given—
His ev'ry joy on Earth—his hope in Heaven.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A LADY SELLING FLOWERS AT A FAIR.

Fair ladies hold a ladies Fair to night,
And you do grace it with your presence bright,
As Queen of Flowers—born of Earth and Light—
Yourself the fairest flower to the sight.
Would that I were a rose, for you to wear,
Where would you place me? Queenly Flora! where?
O! throw aside that brooch of jewels rare,
And place—O! place me—lovely Flora—there!

TO IONE.

Oh Ione! oh Ione! my heart's long lov'd *ideal*,
The cherish'd idol of my soul, all beautiful and real;
Oh, thou hast been, through days of gloom and many months of care,
The theme of one enduring thought — my hope and my despair.
Though, like a moth, I have been lur'd from genial air and skies,
To flit awhile beneath the light that shone from other eyes,
Yet hath their fire ne'er scathed me, and thine have shed the ray,
The holy sunshine of the soul, that lit my being's day.

Fair Ione! fair Ione! I've sought in learned lore
The works of high philosophy, that sages taught of yore;

ANACREONTIQUE.

TO LILLISS.

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I'll drink, and swear thou art divine—
I'll drink to thee—unbind thy zone—
I'll drink to thee, my love, my own!

Some spell to stifle memory, some Lethe for the soul,
Some charm to bid the thought be still, and hold it in control;
But if nor scenes of giddy mirth, nor revelry, nor wine,
Unfetter my bound soul from thee, that is so wholly thine,
Why, then, I'll quaff the flowing bowl 'till madden'd into glee,
And in each brimming bumper drink — *A health and joy to thee!*

THE THOUGHT OF EARLY YEARS.

Though in Pleasure's paths we rove,
  Or in Sorrow's deepest care,
In the rapture of our love,
  In the fervor of our prayer, —
There's a thought that mingles still,
  With our hopes and with our fears,
And it sways the heart at will —
  'T is the thought of early years.

O! it beams upon the soul,
  As the moon beams on the sea,
When the tides of ocean roll,
  With its ground-swell heaving free;
So the heart doth heave and swell,
  While our feeling's tides—our tears,—
Ebb and flow beneath the spell,
  Of the thought of early years.

Like the Pleiad's flashing light,
  When it left its sphere above,
Like a melody at night,
  Like a whisper'd word of love,
Like a hearty welcome home,
  Like the friend who most endears,
Like the hope of bliss to come—
  Comes the thought of early years.

While life's waves we ferry o'er,
  O! it gleams upon the mind,
As a beacon on the shore,
  Of the home we leave behind;

'Tis our manhood's gladdest theme,
  'Tis our dotage-fount of tears,—
And our fancy has no dream,
  Like the thought of early years.

STANZAS,

ON PRESENTING A LADY WITH A SONG.

I know, dear lady, that my song is dull,
  Its words are weak, its melody is vain,
But all will own that it is beautiful,
  If, with thy seraph-voice, thou breathe its strain:
Then, prithee, sing it in those tones of love,
  Most exquisite, as thou art wont to give,
And as its numbers to thy cadence move,
  Mem'ry will catch the strain and bid it live:
And thus, my song, that else unknown would die,
  Thy voice will waft to immortality.

MEMORY.

A harp whose ev'ry chord's unstrung,
  A doubted treason proved,
A melody that once was sung,
  By lips that once we loved;
A bark without a helm or sail,
  Lost on a stormy sea,
A dove that doth its mate bewail —
  Like these, is Memory.

And O, it is the spirit's well,
  Its only fount of truth,
Whose every drop some tale can tell,
  Of bright and buoyant youth;
And as we traverse weary years,
  Of sorrow and of crime,
We feed that fount with bitter tears,
  Wept for the olden time.

The Sun doth dry the springs of Earth,
  With rays from summer skies,
But Feeling's fountain knows no dearth,
  Its current never dries.
The rills into the rivers flow,
  The rivers to the sea,
Months into years, and years into,
  Life's ocean—Memory.

At morn our little bark sets sail,
  Hope proudly mans its deck,
At eve, it drives before the gale,
  A wreck — a very wreck.
Our early youth's untainted soul,
  Our first love's first regret,
These, storm-like, over mem'ry roll —
  O, who would not forget!

NOTES TO INDA.

Note 1, *page* 14. Mannatau, Manitto or Mannitto, (and by various other spellings,) is the Indian name for the Deity, Great Spirit, or Giver of Life. The appellation has a similar sound and meaning among all the aboriginal tribes of North America. Whenever I have had occasion to use any Indian words, as the above, (and Calmut or Calumet, a pipe,) I have spelled them arbitrarily, but at the same time preserving, as nearly as possible, the pronunciation of the original.

Note 2, *page* 15. Sometime in 1832, (I think it was,) a party of Pottawattemies was removed from the Northern part of Ohio, to the Far West. The company passed through Cincinnati, and encamped for a few days on the bank of Mill Creek, near that city. From one of the chiefs, a half-breed, I obtained the story which I have woven into rhyme. He claimed to be a descendant, by the mother's side, from the Ho-hon-na-gars. I have written the name as closely as possible to his pronunciation of it, and have adhered to his version of the tale. The time is at an epoch before the settlement of the country by the whites.

Note 3, *page* 17. The practice of the Indians, alluded to in the text, is too well known to require comment. I have only to desire the reader to bear it in mind while perusing the poem.

Note 4, *page* 18. A full-blooded Indian with "short *curled* hair," is a *rara avis in terra*. Among many thousands, I have never seen but one with this peculiarity. Mr. C. Deas, of St. Louis, an artist of great merit, and a close observer, who has passed much time among the tribes at the head waters of the Mississippi, informs me that he never observed but *one* Indian

who was thus marked. I may mention, *en passant*, to the curious in Aboriginal matters, that Mr. D. has a large and elegant collection of Indian portraits and graphic sketches, illustrative of their manners and customs, all drawn from nature, and with remarkable skill and fidelity.

Note 5, *page* 19. When an Indian has taken a scalp, or otherwise distinguished himself in battle, he receives the honorary appellation of "Brave."

Note 6, *page* 19. I was not, until recently, aware that the name *Sioux*, is a nickname, given by the Canadian traders to the *Dahcotahs*. It is generally written with an *i*. In an old work, however, I find it spelled Sou, in the singular, and Soux in the plural. I prefer the latter spelling as nearest the sound.

Note 7, *page* 20. "The old chief took me into his lodge and showed me several pieces of birch bark, on which were drawn, in different colors, red predominating, many figures and hieroglyphics, which, as well as I could understand, referred to his own exploits in war."—*Hart's Aborigines of North America.*

Note 8, *page* 25. "Leaping Panther" is the English name of a Sou brave, who distinguished himself, about the time this poem was written, in the Black Hawk war. His name, in his native tongue, is too long and unpronouncible for my metre.

Note 9, *page* 27. At the mouth of the Great Kannawha river, on its lower bank, is a high bluff. Many years ago, a white man was pursued to the top of the bluff by two Indians, and saved himself by leaping into the river, (in the manner described in the text,) and swimming to the opposite bank.

Note 10 *page* 36. "The prisoner was tied with his hands behind him, to the stump of a tree, and wood was placed in a circle around him, about three feet from him. While some were gathering dried branches, others were sticking splinters

into his flesh, having first dipped them into a kind of resin or gum."—*Hart.*

Note 11, *page* 36. The *unna-stone* is a smooth round gem, resembling an agate or cornelian, and appears as if polished by the abrasion of water. It is very rare and highly valued, and is carried in the medicine-bag, or worn about the neck, (when perforated, as is sometimes the case,) as a sort of talisman. The Indians allow it the same properties that are attributed to the *Bezoar* stone by many vulgar white people.

Note 12, *page* 38. It is very common among the Indians, when one of them has lost a child, to adopt one who may be captured from their enemies. The child so adopted is invaribly brought up precisely as though it was his own. *Po-wee-scheik*, who is at present a Sou (or Dahcotah) chief, is an example of the kind. He is by birth a Fox. He was a prisoner with Black-Hawk and distinguished for his prowess and elegant figure and bearing.

Note 13, *page* 49. I am here guilty of a geographical solecism. There are at present no falls at the junction of the Maumee with the lake. The *rapids* of the Maumee are many miles above its mouth, and are said anciently to have formed a very considerable fall.

Note 14, *page* 50. "*The Death Song*" is a wild chant or dirge put forth by an Indian when he is about to commit suicide, or to be slain by his tribe for some breach of their laws, or when about to be tortured to death by his enemies. It recounts his sorrows, his exploits of valor, or a defiance to his foes, according to the circumstances of his situation.

1*st verse.* Indians never admit superior skill or courage in their foes. A Sac chief, whose war party was cut off by an equal number of Soux, attributed his defeat to the "Death-Spirit," who, he said, "took all the strength from his people and fought for their enemies."

2*d verse.* "The war party came in after an absence of nine

days, and many of them had bloody scalps tied by the hair to their belts."—*Hart.*

3d verse. "The Grove of the Dance"—a literal translation—a place of festivity near every Indian village. The owl is deemed a bird of ill-omen by the Aborigines, as well as by the whites.

4th verse. "May you have none to make your grave," is an Indian curse.

5th verse. "A Snake chief killed a long haired Mandan, and came into the camp with the hair of the dead man wreathed round his own head, like a turban."—*Hart.*

6th verse. "The burthen of the song, (at the burial of a chief,) was the brave deeds and good acts of the deceased."—*Hart.*

7th verse. The Indians' idea of Heaven is beautifully expressed in Pope's Essay on Man—

"Some safer world in depths of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste." &c.

The story of a squaw, who committed suicide by floating in a canoe, accompanied by her infant, over the falls of St. Anthony, is related in "Tales of the North-West," published in Boston in 1830. The cause of her death was her husband having abandoned her for another. She sung her death song as she went over the torrent. There is also a legend of an Indian chief who committed suicide at Niagara in a similar manner.

Note 15, *page* 110.—*The Bright-eyed Girl of Louisville.* "The City of the Beautiful." I here allude, (it is hardly necessary to say,) to the city of Baltimore—my birth place and early home. In the same piece, by "Byron Beauties," I mean the elegant portraits of the female characters in his Lordship's poems.

ERRATA.—In page 103, nine lines from the bottom, "her" occurs instead of *she*; and in page 120, eight lines from the top, "are" should be *is*. There are a few other errors, in words, in the work, and many in punctuation, which the good sense of the reader will detect, and his courtesy will please consider as corrected.